

# DID TYNAN BETRAY THE CONSPIRACY?

Statement Made That He Was Scared and Confessed All.

Plot May Have Originated with the Physical Force Party in New York.

Sent Dynamiters to Europe in Order to "Make a Showing" for Money Received.

"NO. 1" MAY NOT BE EXTRADITED.

If He Is an American Citizen, France Is Not Likely to Surrender Him to the British Government.

By Julian Ralph.  
London, Sept. 16.—I am informed by an intelligent English journalist, who has been studying the news at first hand among the detectives that Tynan had no plot at all, but that he and his accomplices were sent over by the physical force party in New York to do something in repayment for the money it is collecting.

After the men reached Europe they took a house in the suburbs of Antwerp and manufactured bombs, but without any definite idea what they were to do with them. The plot was to be matured after other men had been employed.

Finding themselves shadowed from the instant they left New York, Tynan became afraid, and exposed the whole business to the English police. After Tynan had decided to peach, he took to drinking heavily, and boasted at various times that he was going to blow up the czar and Queen or Marlborough House, just as humor seized him.

I send this because of the standing of my informant, also because it tallies well with everything that has been made public, and goes a great way toward clearing up the confusion of the telegraphic reports from all over Europe.

News Is Contradictory.  
News of the Antwerp dynamiters is still reeled off by the yard, but the more one reads the less one knows. To-day's actual facts seem to be three in number: That Bell, whose name is not Bell, has been delivered to the London police, and is on his way from Glasgow; that the British Minister to France has taken the first step in the application for extradition papers, and that nitro-glycerine has been found in the house at Berchem sufficient to make ten pounds of dynamite.

All the rest of the news is contradicting, and leaves the reader in the plight of the blind man groping in a labyrinth. The English public is made to believe that the czar is aimed at, and the English Government appear to believe so, or wish it to appear so, because a great force of troops and police are to surround the czar on his arrival at Leth. No one is to be allowed inside the lines except persons in full Court costume.

Plot Against the Czar.  
The German press also imagines the plot was at least partially against the czar, and in Belgium leading papers declare that the



Badge of a Queen's Messenger.

These badges are made of silver and are worn by special couriers of the British Government, who carry important documents too valuable to be entrusted to the mail. Tynan is said to have had a bogus badge made in Paris for the purpose of gaining admission to the royal castle at Balmoral.

plot was jointly against the czar and the royalty of London, but France scouts the idea, and Paris papers all take the ground that England has caught Fenians, but wishes to drag in the czar in order to make it appear that she is guardian of the peace and safety of all Europe.

A Nihilist tells the Daily Telegraph that it is wretchedly absurd to imagine that Nihilists are such idiots as to unite with the Irish, who in every case upset their own plans by treachery. He says the Nihilists



## STRANGE STORY TOLD BY A MAN FOUND CHAINED IN A CELLAR.

Securely chained and padlocked to a post, aged Alfred Liscomb was discovered under a stable yesterday. He told the police two men dragged him there Sunday night, chloroformed him, robbed him of money belonging to a benevolent fund, and left him, fastened, to starve. His clothes and silk hat were spotted. In his pocket was a key fitting the padlock that made him a prisoner. A letter came to the police station soon after he left there, purporting to be written by him when confined in the stable. The postmark showed it had just been mailed. Many pawn tickets were found in his pockets. The police do not believe his story.

have but two safe asylums—England and America—and to co-operate with the Irish would close England against them. He adds that the Nihilist branch in America does not possess enough money to "stake" any one, as these Antwerp wretches were outfitted.

To tell the truth, nothing has as yet been disclosed to connect Tynan and his bomb tossers with a plot against the czar.

The Westminster Gazette, perceiving widest latitude for guesswork, announces the theory that Tynan never was the genuine "No. 1," but played at the most a secondary part in the Cavendish-Burke atrocity. The Westminster Gazette suggests that Tynan is more likely to prove a spy in the pay of the English police.

Is Tynan an English Spy?

This theory, it says, will account for his immunity from arrest during the last fourteen years, and it will account for his having been seen in friendly company with a Scotland Yard man at Boulogne soon after the Dublin horror. It will also account for the present fact that "Inspector Walsh visits his prisoner several times daily, and Monday spent two hours with Tynan over a bottle of wine, and at Tynan's request Walsh had him removed to a more comfortable cell."

The Dublin Freeman's Journal says: "There is a curious synchronism between Fenian plots and the necessities of the Unionist party. In England those who know the secret may explain how all these plots so happily fall out for the Unionist party."

The editor adds: "Nor is the timeliness of these successive sensational their only suspicious feature." Tynan May Be a Naturalized American.

Tynan's loud boasting of American citizenship and the telegrams to the White House have already had the desired effect in Paris, where, it is said, the Government was disposed to grant extradition, but must now satisfy itself whether Tynan is a naturalized American, because if he is it would be peculiar to surrender to a second country a citizen of a third.

The Glasgow police hear that Bell came into their city very glumly, carrying a black leather valise. They are busy hunt-

ing bombs that may have come in it. They say he came with letters to a dangerous dynamitist now dead, and had not the time to arrange new connections with the inner circle of desperate men in the local Fenian organization. The same police say they are able to prove that Bell was in communication with Tynan while in Glasgow.

To Protect the Czar.

London, Sept. 16.—Lord Salisbury had a long consultation this forenoon at the Foreign Office with Dr. Robert Anderson, one of the Assistant Commissioners of the Metropolitan Police, with the result that elaborate preparations are being made at Scotland Yard for the safety of the czar and his family upon their arrival at Leth September 21 on their way to visit the Queen at Balmoral.

Bell Sent to London.

Glasgow, Sept. 16.—Edward Bell, the alleged dynamiter, who was arrested here on Saturday, was again arraigned in court this morning. It is an event that is always honored by the Passionist Fathers of West Hoboken with even more than the usual splendor of worship and ceremonial, for which this church is famous throughout the Metropolitan District, and next Sunday will witness an unusual concourse of visiting friends of the young clergymen from various parts of the country, most of whom intend to be present at the ordination on Saturday.

Queen Tynan Starts for America.

Queensdown, Sept. 16.—J. Brendan Tynan and his sister, Miss Cecilia Tynan, son and daughter of P. J. Tynan, the Irish inviolable under arrest at Boulogne, together with their grandmother, sailed to-day on board the steamer Aurania for New York. Mr. Tynan declared that he knew nothing whatever of his father's movements.

SULLIVAN NOT ARRESTED.

Chicago Man in No Danger of Being Molested by the French Police.

Paris, Sept. 16.—In response to inquiries made at the Prefecture of Police regarding the rumor that Alexander Sullivan, of Chicago, had been arrested here, it was stated that not only was there no truth in the report that Mrs. Sullivan had been taken into custody, but that his arrest had not even

been meditated by the French authorities.

The French public press systematically ridicules the whole story of the existence of a dynamite conspiracy, which they declare is an English political trick intended to interfere with the proposed visit to France of the czar.

Le Solz announces that two friends of P. J. Tynan, the Irish inviolable in custody at Boulogne, have arrived at that place, having gone there at the request of the prisoner's mother. They endeavored to secure permission to communicate with the prisoner, but, in the absence of the Sub-Prefect, were unable to do so. It is stated that in any event no one will be allowed to see Tynan or communicate with him without having first secured the consent of the Government.

It is learned upon credible authority that the French Cabinet gives no little credence to the English police officials' story of a dynamite conspiracy that it will probably refuse to grant the request for Tynan's extradition.

Bell's Real Name Is Ivory.

Glasgow, Sept. 16.—It has been learned that the name "Bell," given by the alleged dynamiter here on Saturday last, is an alias, the prisoner's real name being Ivory.

TOOK GAS FROM A TUBE.

Hotel Keeper Morell, of White Plains, Commits Suicide While a Guest at a Harlem House.

Frank A. Morell, forty-five years old, proprietor of the Harlem Hotel, at White Plains, committed suicide yesterday morning in the Colonial Hotel, at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Eighth avenue. He occupied room No. 30, on the second floor. He had been at the Colonial back and forth for a week.

He retired about midnight Tuesday. Yesterday morning John Buckley, a hall boy, traced the odor of gas to room No. 30, and pounded on the door, receiving no response, he broke open the door. Morell was lying on the bed partially dressed. A

rubber tube extended from the gas burner to his mouth, and the gas was turned on. He had in his pockets \$2.13, a check for \$10, a gold watch and chain and a revolver. No letters were found in his clothes or in his room. His brother-in-law claimed the body, and it was removed to an undertaker's. Morell was a member of the Volunteer Fire Department of White Plains. It is not known why he committed suicide.

WILL MAKE NEW PRIESTS.

Bishop Wigger to Ordain Candidates in Hoboken—Splendor of the Mass.

At the Passionist Monastery, in West Hoboken, Saturday, at 8 a. m., Right Rev. Bishop Wigger, of the Diocese of Newark, will ordain eight candidates for the missionary priesthood, who are already under the vows of the Passionist Order.

A number of priests will also be elevated to the subdiaconship on the same occasion. They come from all over the United States. The newly ordained priests will celebrate their first mass in the monastery Sunday morning. It is an event that is always honored by the Passionist Fathers of West Hoboken with even more than the usual splendor of worship and ceremonial, for which this church is famous throughout the Metropolitan District, and next Sunday will witness an unusual concourse of visiting friends of the young clergymen from various parts of the country, most of whom intend to be present at the ordination on Saturday.

The newly ordained priests will remain at the monastery one year to complete their theological studies, and after that will receive special preparation for the missionary career. The work of the Passionist Order is confined to the United States, with an occasional visit to Canada, when missionaries can be of use. At present, however, the Fathers have all they can do to answer the calls for assistance from American brethren of the secular clergy.

DIED OF A RARE DISEASE.

Lynch Was Apparently Doing Well, but Embolism Suddenly Killed Him.

Willie Lynch, fourteen years old, of Hackensack, who had his foot crushed by a train a few days ago and subsequently admitted to the Hackensack Hospital, died of a disease that is considered rare in medical circles.

After the amputation of his foot, the boy seemed to be doing well, and was visited last night by Dr. Thierington, who said that if he would be able to be about in a short time. A few hours after the physician left the house the boy died.

The physicians from the hospital were summoned, and said that death was due to embolism. This is brought on by a clot of blood forming near where the ligaments of the blood vessel are tied up after the operation of amputation.

Several years ago Dr. Varick, of Jersey City, died in a similar manner, but cases are seldom heard of.

## IS THIS CRIME, OR FARGE, OR FRAUD?

Venerable Albert Liscomb Found Chained to Post in a Cellar.

Says Two Men Drugged Him Sunday and Left Him Starving for Days

Robbed Him of \$360 He Had as Trustee of a Firemen's Benevolent Fund

POLICE DO NOT BELIEVE HIM.

Key in His Pocket Fits Lock to His Shackles and a Letter Written by Him Discredits His Story—Witnesses Dispute Him.

Alfred A. Liscomb, a venerable man and a grandfather, told a tale to the police of the Macdonald Street Station, yesterday, that is replete with dime novel features and in which imprisonment in a dark and noisome cellar, shackles and padlocks, a bottle of chloroform and a revolver figure.

He told how, on Sunday night, just as the clock in a neighboring house was striking 12, he was beset by two rough looking men, who, ranging alongside of him, suddenly threw a horse blanket over his head and dragged him into a cellar. There, with cool deliberation, the highwaymen shackled the old man by means of a heavy steel dog chain to a post, and then leisurely proceeded to drug him chloroform that was contained in a whiskey flask.

While chloroforming him, one of his captors drew a revolver and, pressing the muzzle to the old man's head, said: "Make a single outcry, and I'll blow your brains out!"

The chloroform soon had its effect, and Liscomb cannot recall what happened until he regained consciousness on Monday morning. Then he found himself lying on his back, alongside the post to which his left leg was shackled.

Back to the World.

He struggled to a half-sitting posture, and tried to free himself, but could not break the chain. He recalled that, the night before, when he was attacked, he was approaching the stable, on the northwest corner of King and Washington streets. He remembered that the place into which he felt the men dragging him was within a few feet of the point at which the horse blanket had been thrown over his head.

Then he realized that the surroundings were familiar. He recognized the cellar as that beneath the stable in which he had once stabled his horses before he dissolved partnership with two men who were interested with him in the express and carting business.

He tugged again at the shackles on his left leg, and set up a loud shouting, but, although he plainly heard the stablemen moving about overhead, they did not hear his cries. After vainly trying for hours to attract attention he sank back, exhausted.

Monday night and all day Tuesday he remained chained to the post in the cellar, and, when Tuesday night came, he was so weak he could not make an outcry. He was almost famished from hunger and distressed with thirst.

He heard the men above lock the stable door after attending to their horses, and then the old man faintly. Yesterday morning he was aroused by the loud voices of stablemen and the tramping of the horses overhead. He tried again to make himself heard, but in vain.

The narrative is continued from this point from statements of the police.

A Strange Discovery.

Police Captain Farrell was seated in his office yesterday forenoon, when a man named Edilton, who is employed in the stables, on King street, rushed into the station house and cried out that a man was chained to a post in the cellar of the stable. He had discovered the man, he said, while showing the place to a prospective tenant, who was inspecting the premises.

Captain Farrell summoned his two wardens, Thomas Crystal and Richard Jackson, and they all went on a run to the cellar. There is an entrance on the King street side which is never closed. Lights were procured, and near the rear of the cellar the form of a man was seen alongside a post. A faint groan reached the policemen's ears as they approached. Seated on a stone, his back resting against the post to which he was chained, the policeman found old Mr. Liscomb.

He was perfectly conscious. His high silk hat, respined and bearing no sign of having received rough usage, was on his head and his fine black clothing was spotless. In his white shirt front a diamond glittered, and there was hardly a speck of dust on his shoes, which bore evidence of a recent shine. The horse blanket with which the highwaymen had smothered the old man's cries was missing.

Something Queer Here.

Captain Farrell had lots of experience as a policeman and noted these evidences at a glance. On examination it was found the chain was so securely fastened to the old man's leg that it could not be undone until a hammer and chisel were brought. Then the old man was free. He was well able to talk. He told how he happened to be in the cellar and said he felt he would like to have something to eat and drink.

"Haven't eaten a mouthful since I was locked up here Sunday night," he said. Although somewhat feeble, Captain Farrell sent to St. Vincent Hospital. The ambulance surgeon examined old Mr. Liscomb thoroughly.

This man is not suffering from the want of nourishment," the surgeon said. Pending the arrival of the ambulance, Captain Farrell questioned Liscomb, who, while on the point of answering a question, suddenly exclaimed, as he pointed to a beam overhead:

"There is the bottle of chloroform with which the men drugged me, and there, too, is the revolver."

In the spot indicated were found a pint whiskey flask and a revolver. A careful search of the cellar might have failed to reveal the hiding place of the articles. Mr. Liscomb was taken to walk to the station house. There he was searched. A bunch of keys was found in his trousers pocket. One of the keys fitted the lock which had fastened the chain to his leg. They key, the lock and the chain were brand new. In a wallet in an inside pocket were found a batch of sixteen pawn tickets, representing diamond rings, watches and silver spoons, knives and forks, all of which had been pledged within a period of five months, and some as recently as September 1. The articles had been pledged in the aggregate for \$240.

Only a Coincidence?

Mr. Liscomb could not explain the presence of the key in his pocket that fitted the lock, unless it was a coincidence. He told a rambling story of a number of lawsuits into which he has recently been plunged because of the late dissolution of his express business. He was in partnership, he said, with Garry Lydecker and Herman R. Christie, who conducted a firm known as the Lydecker Express Company, having an office at No. 40 Ann street.

There were charges and counter charges of fraud made by the partners, and their grievances had been aired in court. Lis-

comb is now doing the carting for the Angelo American Drug Company. He told Captain Farrell the highwaymen had robbed him of \$360, which represented money he recently received as a trustee of the Exempt Firemen's Benevolent Fund to pay benefits to the widows of deceased members. He had received more money, he added, from the concern by which he is employed.

The pledged articles represented by the pawn tickets, he explained, were his wife's jewelry and belongings.

Before leaving the station house old Mr. Liscomb said he was going to Westfield, N. J., to see his wife, who is stopping with his son-in-law, Dr. Swenzler, a dentist, who has an office at No. 114 Nassau street. The office of the Exempt Firemen's Association is in the same building.

Half an hour after Mr. Liscomb's departure for Westfield a letter was received by Captain Farrell. The envelope had seen much usage. It bore two addresses, one written in ink, and although an effort had been made to obliterate it, it was still plainly decipherable. The partially obliterated address read: "Alfred A. Liscomb, No. 2227 Seventh avenue, New York." Between the lines this supplementary address, written with lead pencil was added: "Captain Liscomb, Westfield."

His Tell-Tale Letter.

The envelope contained a fragment of the letter head of the Exempt Firemen's Benevolent Fund, and on the scrap of paper was written:

Please send to stable corner of Washington and King street, in cellar, as I am locked up there, a key to my shackles.

And the message ended with this appeal, in postscript, "soon, please."

The signature on the letter was compared with Mr. Liscomb's signature to his affidavit, in which he set forth the fact of the alleged robbery and his imprisonment. The signature of Captain Farrell found to be identical. From the stamps on the envelope it was observed that the letter had been mailed only a few hours before. Instead of starting on a scent after the highwaymen, Captain Farrell hustled around to get more evidence to prove that the venerable Mr. Liscomb was a victim of his own acts.

Captain Farrell found a number of witnesses who saw Mr. Liscomb late on Tuesday night, and interviewed stablemen, who swore they had occasion daily to go into the cellar, and that the old man was not in the place on Sunday, Monday or Tuesday. Captain Farrell will have Mr. Liscomb and the tell-tale letter and witnesses in Jefferson Market Police Court this morning, and request an explanation.

## LIVE CRABS IN COURT.

They Walked Backward and Made Disrespectful Gestures at the Judge.

The dignity of the Centre Street Court was disturbed yesterday by half a dozen live crabs, the property of Peter Martes and Joseph Cesera, who are vendors of that toothsome article, and live at No. 117 Elizabeth street. Being unfamiliar with the etiquette of court rooms, these crabs climbed out of their basket and staked irreverently backward in front of the bar of justice.

Martes and Cesera were held in \$50 bail each for trial—not because their crabs had behaved in an unseemly manner in court, but because Fish Inspector M. L. Sullivan had caught them throwing dead crabs into the street at Peck slip. Section 88 of the Sanitary Code forbids the sorting of any kind of fish in the street. The officer promptly arrested the crab vendors and took them with their basket of dead and live crabs into court.

The basket was deposited in a corner of the court room and the examination of the two Italians proceeded with. Presently the floor was observed to be covered with live crabs. To add to the consternation of the spectators, every one of them was



was an agreeable body struggling against the tide.

The crabs came the upper all through, and one during the trial. Bryan's voice is all trifle hoarse, but would power. It might also be an health is excellent, unshaken, semi-hysterical trary notwithstanding rest; but is neither fatter of breaking down.

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walking backward and making disrespectful gestures at the Court. Fearing an increase of punishment on this account, the Italians gave chase, and, picking up the crabs unwarily, were severely pinched.

"Fifty dollars each for trial," said the Judge, with a severe glance at the crabs. But he meant Martes and Cesera, who were held in that amount, the crabs being hastily conveyed beyond the sacred precincts they had violated.

Republicans Hold a Big Meeting.

New Brunswick, N. J., Sept. 16.—Two McKinley and Hobart banners were raised in this city to-night. The event was preceded by a parade of nearly all the Republican organizations in the city through the principal streets. Lawyer George Berline known as a large crowd of citizens, who seemed through then adjourned to Allen's Opera House, where they were addressed at length by General Horace Porter, of New York, and Howard Mac Sherry, of this city.

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